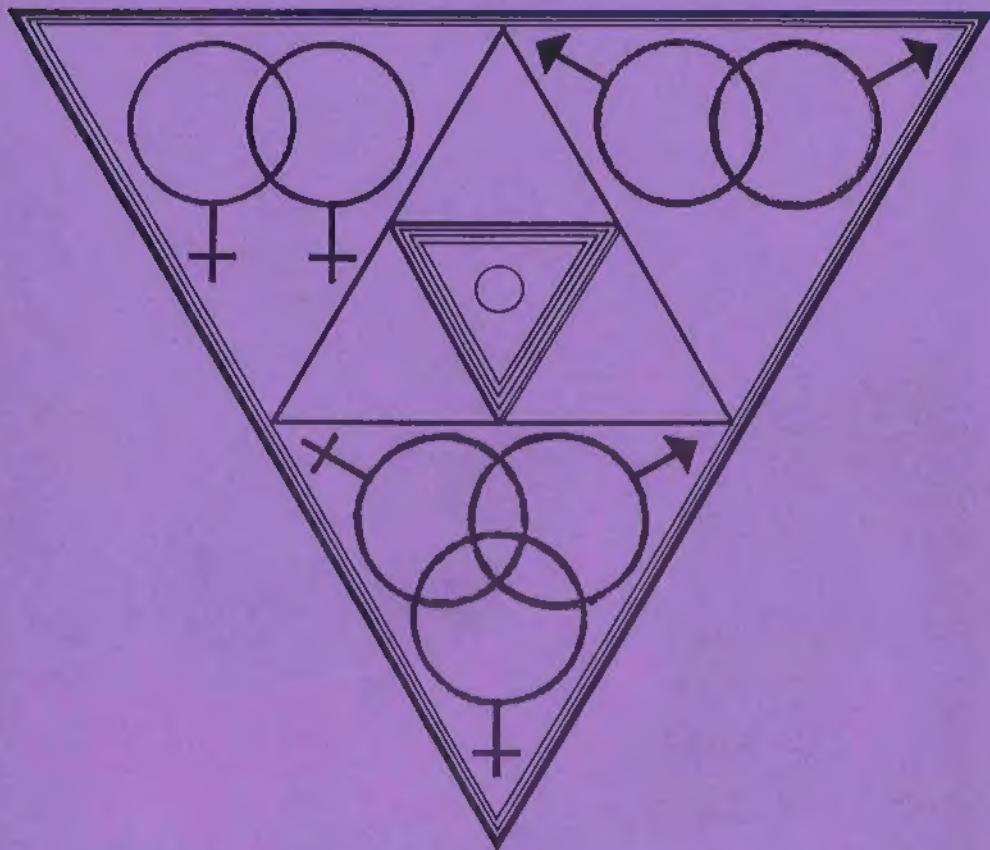


GIRL CULT

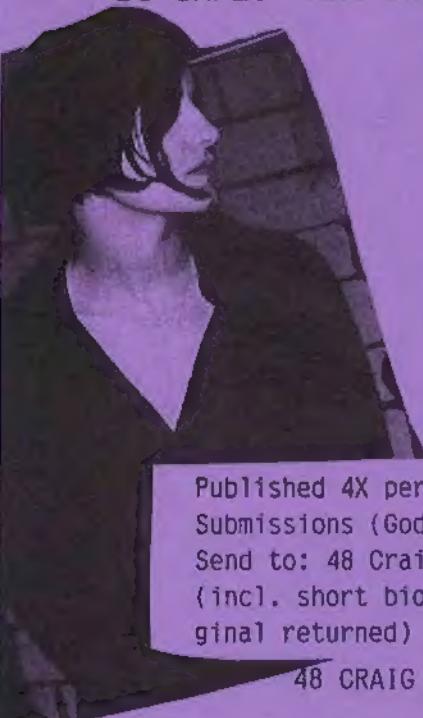
GIRLKULTURZINE



VOLUME 1 # 3

PRIDE '96

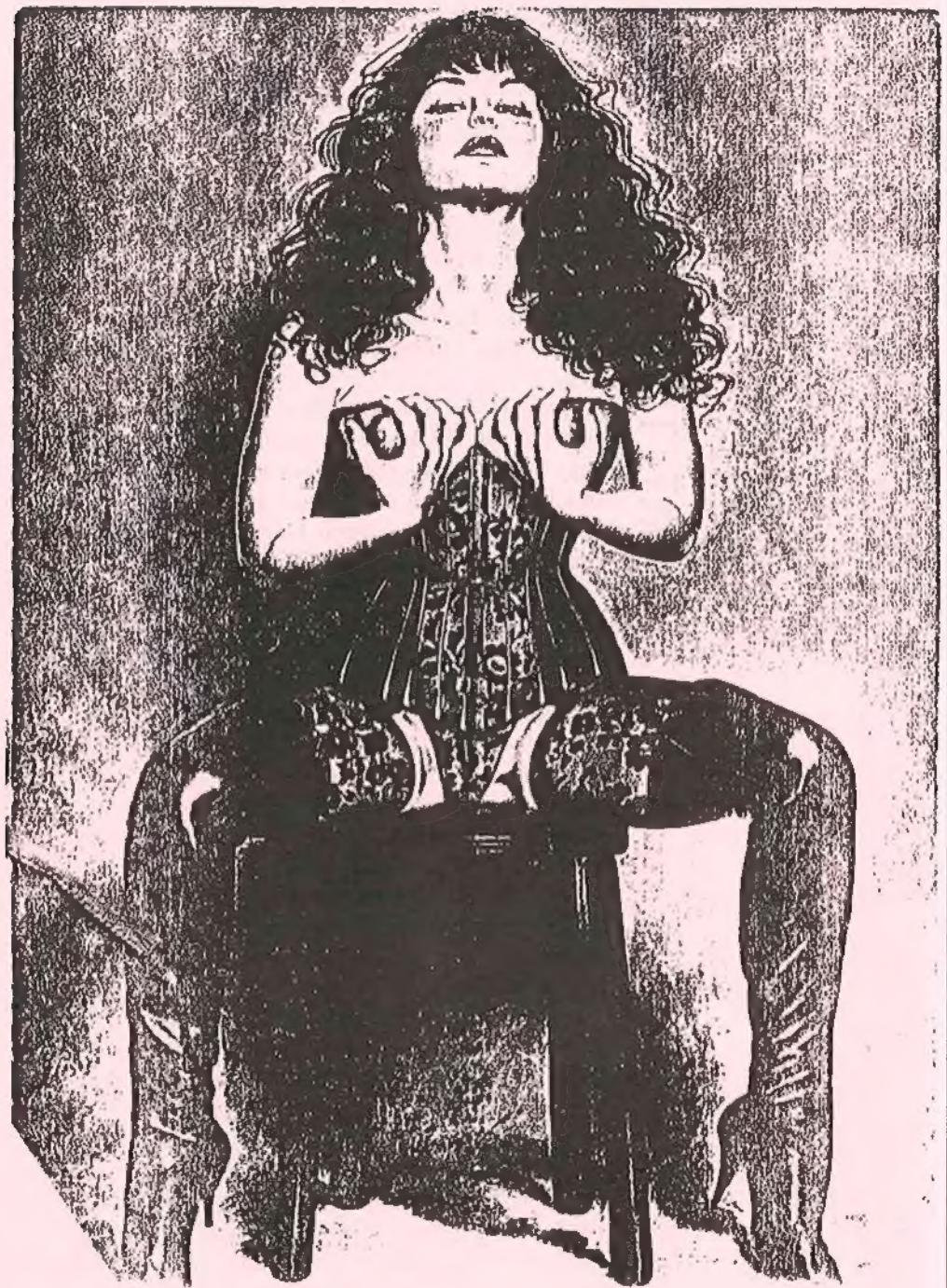
So...what exactly does Pride mean to you ?
Is it a party, a parade, a march ? A good
chance to get laid ? Whatever Pride means
to you, get OUT and do it ! Let's try
and set aside our differences (at least for
one day. Who knows, it may get to be a
habit !) and have a great and gay old time.
Remember homo-sexual is not necessarily
homo-genous. So be out, be yourself, hide
nothing, be extravagant, be fabulous be
political or be quiet, but above all,
be SAFE. And especially, be YOU.



See you there,
Janine

Published 4X per year at my whim
Submissions (Goddess but I love that word) requested
Send to: 48 Craig St. London N6C 1E8 Canada
(incl. short bio. and S.A.S.E. if you want your ori-
ginal returned)

48 CRAIG ST. LONDON ONT. CANADA N6C 1E8



Tosey BALBOA 2

UNTITLED By PAMULUS

the film maker lay restless in her bed. late nite coffee and a severe case of 'too many thoughts per second' work together to prevent sleep. turning onto her side she reaches with a long, well muscled arm to the elegant leather case beside the bed. the silver latch responds to her thumbprint and opens with a gentle click.

she removes the imitation hand carved mahogany eroto-response dildo from its case. holding it up to the candlelight for a moment she savors the quality of its sleek design. slightly squirming her hips in anticipation her clit begins to swell. her readiness surprises her a little and she decides not to bother with lube.

pressing the discreet 'begin' button located at the base, she sets the device for medium response. the quiet hum solicits another wave of heat from her crotch and she feels her wetness deepen and spread. reaching down with a single long finger she slowly slides it inside to coat it with her sweetness.

holding herself she arches her back and stretches her arm across her body. in a long slow savored exhale she pulls her finger out, and resisting the urge to lick her finger dry, she carefully lifts her hips and then slips it into her ass feeling the muscles contract and then relax as she rests the tip of the dildo at the gate of her cunt.

ever so very gradually she presses the eroto-response into her as if another were softly lending their weight to its inward pressing pleasure.

then, slowly she slides it almost all the way out. the finger in her ass plays the pressure and stretch of the dildo as she so very very very slowly slides the dildo back inside her again.

this time when she draws it out she rubs it against her lips, and her clit which responds by sending sparks of pleasure to her nipples and the corners of her mouth. keeping it there until she almost comes, teasing herself along the edge of orgasm and then pushing the dildo quickly back inside.

her breath quickens. she tries to keep the slow rhythm. strains to push her finger deeper up her ass but cannot. she applies her spreading honey to another finger and twists it into her butt with the first. the increased thickness brings a moan from her parted lips and she arches her back and locks the vibrator in as deep a position as possible.

3

CONT'd ►

LETTERS

Dear Joannie,

5-20-96

It's time for you to send me a photo to "Paint" in oils. I promise to do you justice (show your ass) [©]! You can always reduce the originals ~~etc~~ ^{etc} and like I've done here on the reverse side! If you have objections to this offer - please pass it along! (If they look anything like you - the offer will stand)!

Love & Licks friend

Doxy B.

I'd suck you dry - you're very fine!
The spiky love seat set off your leather
Very nicely too! - Great touch!

Keep up the Good Work!

P.S. I bet I can make you cum through Correspondence!
Want to Bet? Hmmm.....? Try me!

as it is designed to do. it reads her need and changes up the pulse of its vibration: now intense, now softer, she squeezes it harder with her strong cunt and it intensifies by another degree. moving the fingers in her ass in quick thrusts she pushes her body to its maximum. only her shoulders and feet touch the bed, thigh muscles straining, the lock on the vibrator slips and she hits the protruding end with her fist to keep it inside her. it almost fills her.

climax begins to build, stretching her arm she manages to work her fingers deeper up her ass and presses her knuckles against the vibrator now cycling faster through its repertoire. the potential of her orgasm climbs to another level and she begins to sweat.

before she can stop herself she changes the setting to maximum. although warned by the manual, she no longer cares about the consequences

suddenly there is an almost sharp heat from the device inside her and it seems to grow, the almost-pain of its size brings a deep throatied moan, her thighs quiver.

something seems to grab at the inside of her at the deepest point, wrapping itself around her cervix. energy runs up her spine no longer needing to hold the eroto-response she grabs her nipple ring and uses it to stretch and tug her nipple, thrusting her pelvis in response to the movement of the vibrator she realizes it is moving out and into her, touching all the crazy sensitive places inside her one at a time, and at the same time.

she writhes she twists, she cannot think or see and it is all at once upon her, somehow she has three fingers in her ass, somehow she feels fire and freezing inside her at the same time, and then she starts to cum.

the eroto-response steps down to match and the first wave is a roller from the deepest point all the way up her body, the next wave is faster jerking her hips even higher, finally she cannot separate them and each one builds on the next engulfing her until she collapses onto the bed, her two fingers ebb from her ass, she curls under her blanket while tremors of pleasure tremble through her legs and her nipple stings with aftershock.



Letters



Hello Joannie,

Greetings, I must first thank you for the copy of your zine, it is truly fantastic and wonderous. I was blown away by your intro on the inside front cover, and the photo is quite fetching. I must admit that I devoured the zine, in fact went through it twice before I noticed your letter, the zine is that good! I was surprised that you didn't mention the "Doc" Johnson catalog, especially since that's the only catalog I've ever seen selling vibrating nipple clamps.

You are a truly gifted writer, able to evoke intense eroticism in a brief span of words.

As you may have guessed, I loved your zine.

A bio? Okay, here goes: Mikki, a transgendered Wiccan with a taste for leather and long black wigs, is a poet and writer currently locked up and locked into Vernon's body.

How's that?

Would you happen to have heard anything about GENDERTRASH? I haven't heard from those gals in ages! Just thought I'd ask.

Thanks again for the zine.

Warm hugs and well sucked toes!

Mikki
Vernon Maulsby (Mikki)
Box 244 AY4429
Graterford, PA 19426
USA

PS: There is another poem for your zine on the back of this letter, you may find it amusing.

CONT'D

the imitation hand carved mahogany crot-o-response dildo has shut itself off and she squeezes it into her hand. looking over the surface carefully she cannot explain the heat or the feel of ice, nor the increase in size. she declines to consider the sensation of the third finger in her ass. closing the lid of the leather case she hears the self-cleaning feature softly kick in.

sleep comes to the film maker almost immediately after she closes her eyes. and her dreams are very sweet indeed.



Sex for One

■ Women:

- Applying lip gloss
- Buttering the muffin
- Defrosting the fridge
- Doing something for your chapped lips
- Flossing the cat
- Itching the ditch
- Making soup
- Mistressbation
- Parting the red sea
- Surfing the channel
- Visiting Niagara Falls
- Working in the garden

GET YOUR LICKS
WITH US! *Bad*

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EMPHASIS ON SM.

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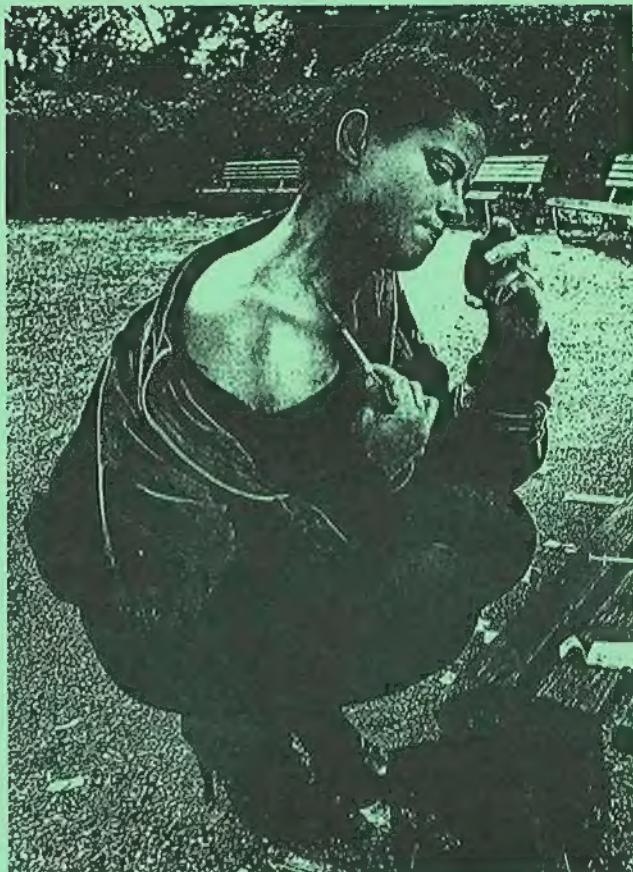
IT'S ORGANIC



They could each have unsafe sex or drugs



CONT'D



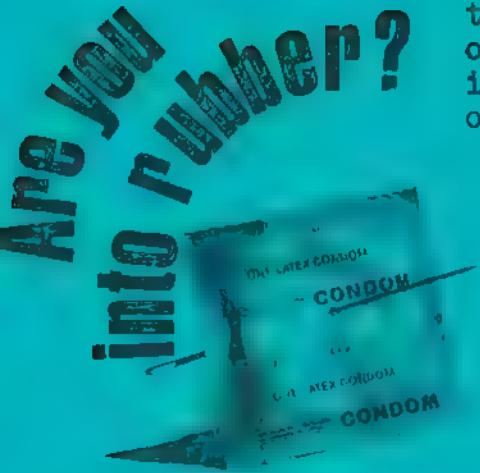
IREEN, TWENTY-THREE, SPLITS HER TIME BETWEEN the park and the streets of Zurich. Her mother was a Kenyan prostitute, her father a British "holiday client." At nine, Ireen was found severely beaten and taken to a foster home. At sixteen, her mother took her back. "She started me doing prostitution," Ireen recalls. "It killed my soul. I could not do it without being on drugs." The daily \$1,800 or more that Ireen needs for her habit comes from men who pay for sex. "Most ask to do it without a rubber," she says. "And none asks if I have AIDS."

FEB./MARCH 1990/MOTHER JONES

THE SHERRY WINTER

by VERNON MAULSBY (MIKKI)

Mother, daughter and I
spent the winter in a
15' by 12' room, where
kitchen and bath
were in the hall
We lived a life
where the word
"scrounge"
was an operative
noun
Sherri, born hausfrau,
became a tough as nails
barmaid, genteel hooker,
While I, hustler born,
lover of city undersides,
became a mommy, cooked,
cleaned after and loved
another mans baby
Sherri and I became
stronger
as we worked to care
for a miracle, watched
her grow day by day,
as we fought, cried,
made up by red candlelight
We almost made love
once
it might have been
the coke,
or how things can get
in a 15' by 12' room
on a cold winters night.



This is what
petroleum jelly can do
to a condom.

ALL I WANTED TO BE

I remember the way it hurt
because I wasn't wet,
and my head was beating against
the push pin sticking out of the wall.
And all I wanted to be was fucked.

That's all I wanted to be...

Fingers around my throat,
that's what he told me.

But I wasn't being fucked,
not by him,

I was being mutated.

He treated my pussy like a cancerous cell.

Multiplying ten fold

until my whole body

and half my brain

was seized by a strange disease.

Untreated, this kind of affection grows
into a useless thing.

Extra baggage in the trunk of the skull, so to speak.

A lot of weight to be carried by a handful of gray
matter.

Sometimes they ask me what's wrong,
usually after they've asked me
to take my clothes off.

I tell 'em to please turn out the lights,
'cause I like it better that way.

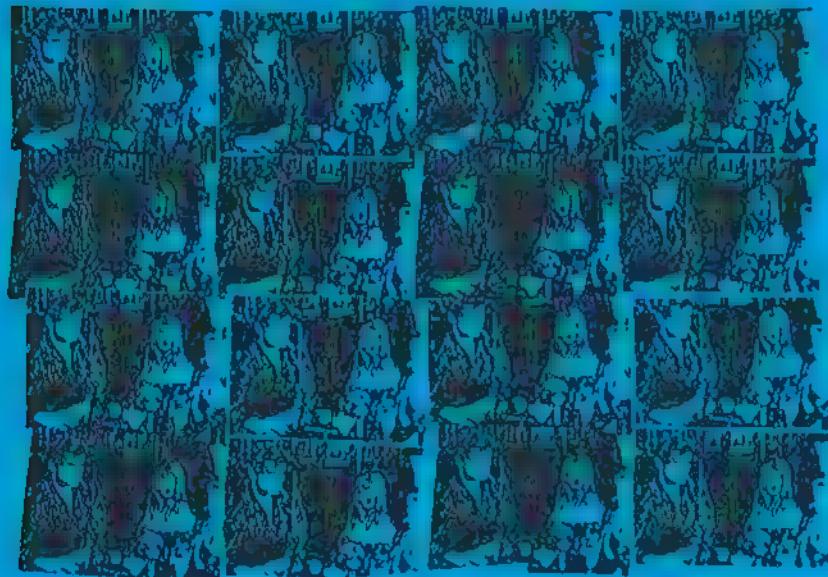


IT'S ORGANIC

And so on.



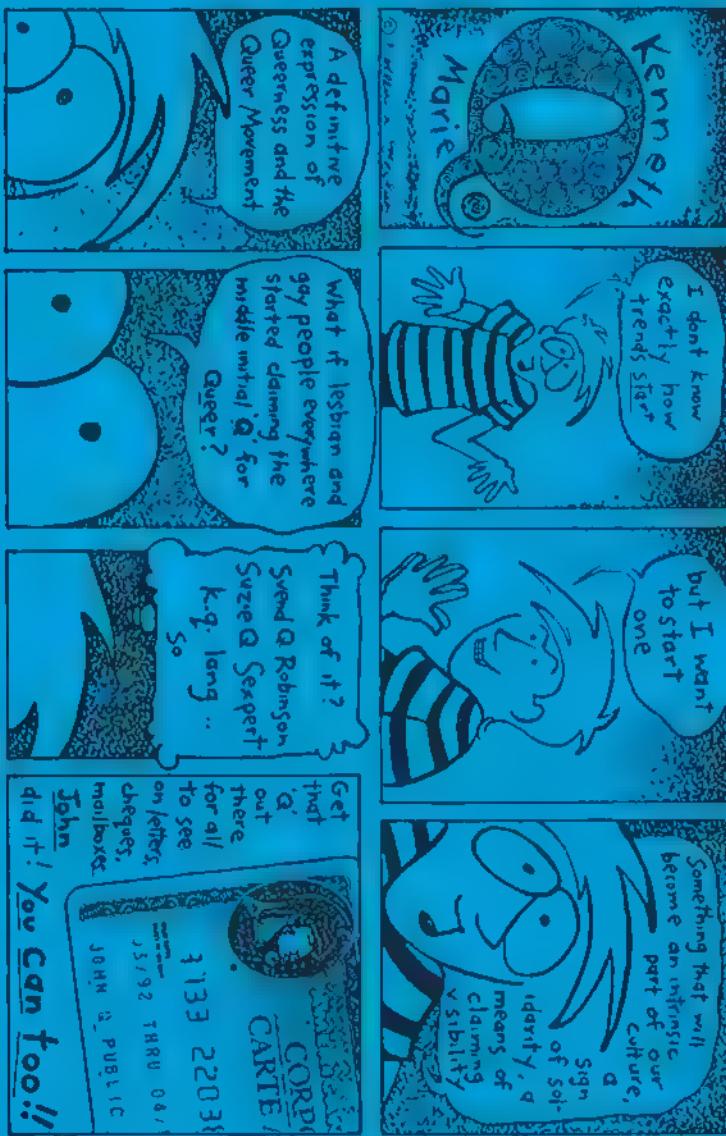
And so on.



ALWAYS PRACTICE SAFER SEX

THE CH@SEN FAMILY

by Noreen Stevens



NOREEN STEVENS is one of my fave cartoonists
You can see her work in XTRA and SWERVE

"I feel like a million tonight—but one
at a time"

—Mae West

ON THE TRAIN

by GENEVIEVE NOLET

A series of images running fast, too fast, people pulling, pushing.

Standing across my head, a shadow is undressing me with intruding eyes.

I cross my legs, turn my head, I can feel it's sight caressing my vital space.

A warm comforting desire runs through my head and to my soul.

The shadow is becoming clearer as I close my eyes.

A shy look of interest, it was all so clear.

The shadow, a woman, my heart, a desire. The train has spoken.

My next stop, a revelation.

Talk to me, inspire me, touch me.

Translucent sparkles, amusing tickles, blind me, undress me, kiss me.

White illusions, a trance, a recollection.



Associated Press

BEAM ME UP, JUDGE: Prospective White-water juror Barbara Adams of Little Rock, Ark., leaves the Little Rock federal courthouse Tuesday during a break. Adams said she always wears her Star Trek uniform at formal occasions.

QUEEN'S PARK

■ Learn to say, "I want you now" in French, Italian, Spanish.

*The love inside, subsides
Tears of reality, awakening
The reasons why... fly
The truth inside, cried*

I saw the innocent staring at the moon, his shallow eyes filled with light.

The love inside, subsides

*The sounds of my heals cracking against the earth
Solitary, stepping into the night, I could hear in my empty mind,
The echo of my own voice,
The love inside, subsides*

*I remember of when I was a child
The truth inside cried*

*On my way home that night...
Tears of reality, awakening*

*As the stars filled up the sky above my head
The reasons why...
I flew
I FLY*

© Geneviève Nolet 1996

SHE IS BEAUTY
by CLAIRE REYES

In every woman
there is one being
and she is beauty
and with no fuck'n modesty
she is full of it!



DIDN'T YOU JUST LOVE HER IN

THE DAMNED DON'T CRY (1950)



TO NICO FROM DERRICK

by JAN

Cocktail from Derrick

WHICH EVER ONE OF THEM IT IS

You CAN GET ANYTHING IN THE
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equipment, glasses, and more
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PER BOX
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ASK \$1500
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TORONTO

151 chn24

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Company Ltd in the 25 cycle Era working
with 60 cycle also in mini condition \$49
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\$20 for all TORONTO TORONTO

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light fixture with 200 watt bulb, optics
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Consumers in new condition \$20

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with 5 different voltages \$10-15
or 2000 WATT NO SOUND, 1000 WATT 220V
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5-1/2 FT 3 tier black leather throne \$800
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85 GOLD keychains & slates \$100
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smoker who wants to stop or control
smoking new never used original cost over
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ALARM goes off when the door knob is
approached just hang it on or use it for
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ALARM unit detects wetness/leaks of
water and liquids, tempre & light sensor
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ANVIL transportation case on wheels
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ARTIFICIAL xmas tree, scotch pine, 6ft,
\$25 exc cond, 6 bags of pine cones,
assorted sizes

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AUTOMATIC system will record both sides
of the telephone conversation even when
you are out, just plug it in \$95 787-4410

BEAMS 1000 ft of 100 ft 1010 Memory
course, new, incl cass and video \$99
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BEER bottles, over 500 all full, world wide,
25yrs old in new, \$500 abo TORONTO
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BRASS wine rack adjust \$15 761-6096

CANDLE holders, ornamental wrought
iron, different kinds, brand new, \$8 and
\$25. TORONTO 416-287-8225

COLOUR 12x12 5cm Zoological cards
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of over 1000 different animals \$100
787-4410

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cost \$3,700 set \$1750 905-853-5576

DISPLAY unit w/walls tables & lightings
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DONT wait until all Torontos cemeteries
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David

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WINE rack, ornamental wrought iron, for
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Girls doing boys

Need a little hit of body hair? Perhaps you'd like to lower your voice an octave or two? Maybe you should check out a new product from the US pharmaceutical company SmithKline Beecham: testosterone patches.

According to an article the Apr 26 issue of the British gay publication *The Pink Paper*, the patches are readily available in the US.

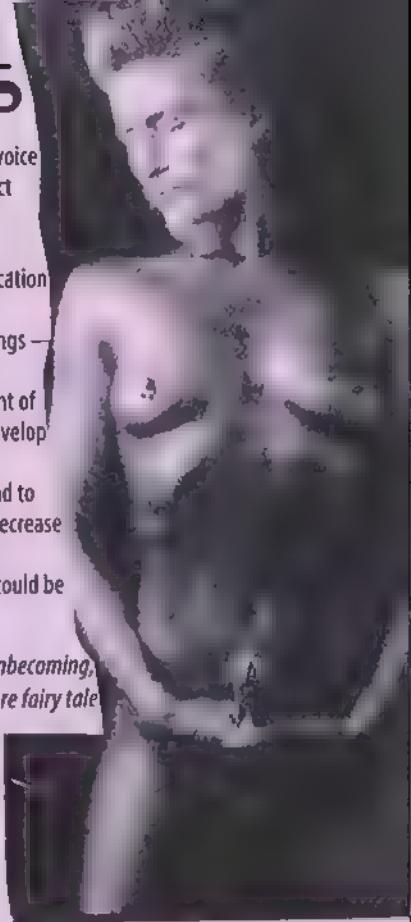
"But there is a snag for all wimpish gays and would-be drag kings — they will be available on prescription only.

"The patches are actually designed specifically for the treatment of hypogonadism, a genetic disorder where a man does not develop secondary sexual characteristics at puberty."

Doctors have cautioned that overdosing on the patches can lead to aggressive behaviour and can either massively increase or decrease sex drive.

British drag king Della Grace has suggested that "the patches could be used in treating female-to-male transsexuals."

— *Photo by Jamie Griffiths, from Unbecoming, an erotic adventure fairy tale*



OTHER STUFF THAT IS AVAILABLE

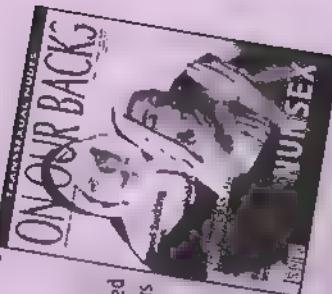
There are no back issues of GIRL CULT left. (Sorry!)
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR CERVIX IS? by CHRIS MASLAK

An exploration of the female reproductive organs with a particular interest in the cone biopsy test for cervical cancer. get it and make up your own mind.

STICKERS: "I fuck to come, not to conceive" 5 / \$1.00

"Lesbian Sex Saved My Life" 5 / \$1.00

"I'm out of Estrogen and I've got a gun. Any questions?" 5 / \$1.00



On Our Backs goes bankrupt

The US lesbian porn magazine, *On Our Backs*, which ceased publication six months ago, has filed for protection from creditors under Chapter Seven of the US bankruptcy code.

Local photographer Jennifer Gillmor (who also works for Xtra) recently received the info, which is included in a notice to creditors. Gillmor is owed US\$550 for a photo used on its letters page. Xtra tried to contact the principal debtor, publisher Melissa Murphy, but the call wasn't returned.

OH, YES! I'LL TAKE TWO
OF THOSE IN PINK - WITH
THE MATCHING HIRINGS
OF COURSE.



Have
a
Swell
Pride Day!!



why
don't
you . . .

1st column hit the street.

ABBA's Anni-Frid
Lyngstad out of
closet.

We
hum con-
valley Dim Bulb Big City
Same as it
ever was

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AIMLESS STREETWALKING DIARY

by

PHILIP CAIRNS

Blonds walk by the window.
Machine-gun fire in the alleyway.
The New Right, armed to the teeth, march through the streets.
Fascist tourists and shimmering sycophants slither over the
wreckage of my brainscape.

Hot irons burn flesh.

I feel guilty when
.....

Red fire hydrants get hit by cars when they cross the street.
The Third World is blown up. The survivors re-settle in
Scarberia.

Going to high school is declared a dangerous and subversive
pastime.

Tarantulas become the new rage in fast-food.

Tears and conversation are declared illegal.

Pastel coloured canaries are pitted against uppers and
downers.

Artists rise up and shoot the rich. Massive fires, out of
control, burn down all the capital cities in the world.

Heroin addiction is mandatory for all 12 year old girls.

Moth-eaten fur coats drive shiny purple Cadillacs.

Insanity is driving me out of my mind.



PHILIP CAIRNS' writing has been published in many small
magazines and newspapers. As well as performing his own
material in numerous festivals in Toronto, he frequently
acts in Small Theatre productions and exhibits his art work
with The Outsider Artists Collective.

AN EPISODE OF EXISTENCE

I sit here alone on the couch in my grandparents house. I'm watching an American sitcom on the Sony television, drinking Pabst Blue Ribbon beer (selected as Americas best in 1893). My eyes and ears are wide open, but the twisted humor I'm watching doesn't trigger any reaction. Before I allow this small dose of American culture to disturb me, I turn off the TV with the remote control.

Getting up from the couch, I walk across the room and put on a Tom Waits record. I stand there in front of the stereo for a few minutes, looking at the album cover, trying to find my own ideas about it's hidden meaning. Then I drop it to the floor and go back to the couch. I lay my head back and let the music filter through it. It says...

"They all started out with bad directions. And the girl behind the counter has a tattooed tear. One for every years he's away, she said. Such a crumbling beauty. But there's nothing wrong with her that a hundred dollars won't fix. She's got that razor sadness that only gets worse."

Tears get in my eyes. I won't blink. I don't cry. Nothing hurts me unless I want it to. I reach to the table beside me and pick up the big brass buck knife that my grandfather used on his hunting trip a few weeks ago, and open it up.

I take the tarnished, cold blade, and press it firmly to the bottom half of my inner left arm, and pull it slowly up. The adrenalin rush hit quick. All my thoughts just spilled away.

I lie back and light a cigarette. Watching the blood make traces across my skin, I smile. The album side

-HatchetJesus

"You'd be on welfare too."

Tantalizing tanks crash through my front door.

Punk rocker boppers wearing black leather g-strings.

Eccentric intellectual fags, with "nic" breath, smoking illegal cigarettes. Cough, cough.

Making porno films for Minimum Wage.

Unshaven fashion models slink in the front door. Conversation around me diverts my attention.

Kindergarten classes are force-fed magic mushroom at recess.

New York's most successful black pimp is elected President.

"You have to rim the doorman to get into a disco."

People look at me and laugh. Empty beer glasses clink by their own accord.

All the classic statues of the world come to life.

Old women go on murdering sprees.

Nice buns saunter by.

Ugly Androgynes wearing golf shoes walk across floors covered with reclining retarded youths.

"You're barred for smoking dope."

Scuzzy raven-haired hustlers nervously look at my face.

People lie and cheat and are praised.

"We've had 3 Vice-Presidents in the last 4 weeks."

Welfare recipients are lined up and shot.

Ghosts of old lovers lurch by and ignore me.

Dope costs \$60.00 a joint.

Bestiality is celebrated and decriminalized.

Peeping Toms are given medals for bravery.



AN EPISODE OF EXISTENCE

ends and I turn off the stereo, and back on the TV.
There is a news report on channel 13, WTAJ in
Johnstown...

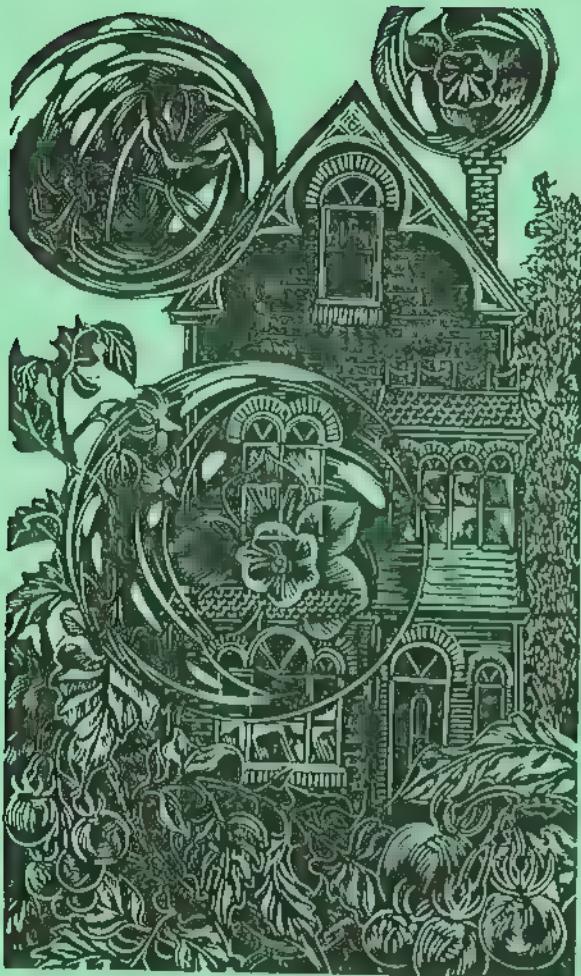
"According to Brooklyn psychologists, parents who
fight allot may have children who are too aggressive
or too withdrawn."

The twisted humor finally sets in, and picking the knife
back up, I laugh hysterically.

CHRISTOPHER

He's got an oil smell. A real diesel kind of greasy sent.
Heavy taste to the tongue. He's got a slick feel of skin.
Empty bottles and hard leather shoes. Heat and muscle
shirts. All hammers and nails. A real strong sense of
loss, or maybe he's just cool. He moves so slow, even
his fastest moments last a lifetime. Empty, empty
bottles and some unused dreams. The taste of porter,
all dark brown and clouded eyes. Steel is my favorite
color, with my mouth glued to the memory of his stare.
This stool spins round and around. I'll be on the edge of
this forever, I done seen it with my teeth that can't
kiss right. His perfection is obscene. Those little things,
like the weight of a bottle in his fingers, the distance
between his legs when he sits, the long slow way he
smokes a cigarette. His eyes are almost closed and his
tongue is just murder. He's gonna ease it down. He's
smooth. He's gonna glide right through this. He's a sand
timer gone liquid, and he's drinking it all away.

-HatcherJesus



Garden Secrets

Brender à Brandis

Gay Sensibilities

*THE FIFTH ANNUAL GAY, LESBIAN AND
BISEXUAL ARTISTS' EXHIBITION*

July 9 - 26, 1996

10 am - 5 pm Tues. to Saturday

Gala Reception!

Thursday, July 11 : 8 pm

Forest City Gallery

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Phone (519) 434-5875

from here
i take back my image before it was stolen.
from here
i relearn my power before it was broken.
from here
i honour my goddess before she was virgin.

wolf eyes herself might visit
and i can befriend the crows

every tree every stone
every tree every stone

every root every bone
every root every bone

UNTITLED

by PAMELA A. BROWN

Because i remember them all.



He just left. No one talked to him.

"I got ripped off two times this week."

"Do you smoke those things?"

The stupid greasy-haired man told me he wants to be Prime Minister but he still hangs out in divey gay bars like this one.

The oceans are filled with warm vomit.

Strangers peer over my shoulder. Small talk and icy snobbery.

"She's a very special guest," the jukebox sings out.

Billy clubs break open my skull.

Dykes on bikes fraternize with the blue-rinse set.

Saxophones burst my eardrums. Hand claps and instruments of percussion.

"Time to twist and shoot."

Elephants trample innocent victims.

Syphilis scars on your face.

Blank newspapers sell for \$10.00 apiece.

Physical torture becomes a way of life. Brain-damaged adults are only the symptom.

What does the President do when (s)he has PMS?

Fingers tap rhythmically against the table.

"The cops come in and everything."

"Check and see if my buddy's here."

"Okay."

"I'm not changin' my hours, man."

"I'm guaranteed to get busted."

"I do the fuckin' driving around here." ►



LONDON PRIDE 96

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dilettos

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30

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Sex-starved turtles use too much toilet tissue to clean up battered babies.

"My cakes are dry. I can't go on," she wrote on her suicide note. (Perhaps she is over-reacting.)

Concave cunts kill cute construction workers. Battalions of deranged office workers destroy six tons of mimeographed memos.

Depressed artists throw acid on priceless works of art in bombed-out museums.

The Sally Ann dispenses free birth control pills on crowded streetcorners. Dollar bills float down from clouds.

Libraries have sound-proof rooms for manic-depressives to scream in.

Hard rock music, played loud, is mandatory in elevators.

Lunch breaks are abolished.

Contradictory orders are issued from Parliament. The Oval Office follows suit.

Everyone's hair is dyed purple. The beehive is in vogue for men.

Teenagers shave off their pubic hair in mass ceremonies in public squares in the winter.

Long-nosed people are beaten up by isolated cops.

Large maimed mutant mice scurry along deserted streets, late for luncheon dates with diseased derelicts.

Burt and Curt squirt red ink on each other's freshly laundered shirt.



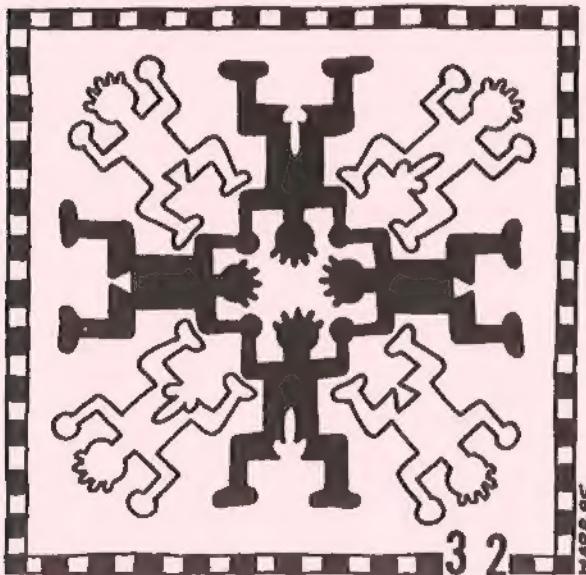
ADDMISSION

by VERNON (MIKKI) MAULSBY

I yearn for you, to share passions,
feel the heat of you to my bones
I'm no knight, beyond reproach,
just a man, whose sweetest memory
is of your nipples under a thin shirt
The day I kissed your hand,
it was your lips I craved,
I want to touch you, leave
you covered with my fingerprints,
evidence beyond recall
of the passions beneath my mask.

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SEXUAL PRIMER

*a group show
celebrating Gay & Lesbian sex*

This show runs till July 13, 1996

Painful anecdotes stab and jab into the air, piercing the lungs of sensitive souls.

I screamed out slogans on a busy streetcorner.

Feminist schoolmarms wear stained-glass underwear to underground weddings.

"Visionaries will be shot on the spot."

Delirious delinquent drunks destroy the silence on the subway.

Decadent gerbils hold raping contests to avenge centuries of domestic enslavement.

100 effeminate fireflies dance on the head of a pinhead.

100 transsexual pinheads dance on the head of a pin.

But asexuals never dance, except with politicians.

Brainless bungling bureaucrats flunk out on toilet-training tests.

The big bomb goes off.

"Yippee!!! Thank the Goddess!!"

"Which one?"

Boom!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

See you in one thousand years.

END

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Ann Landers

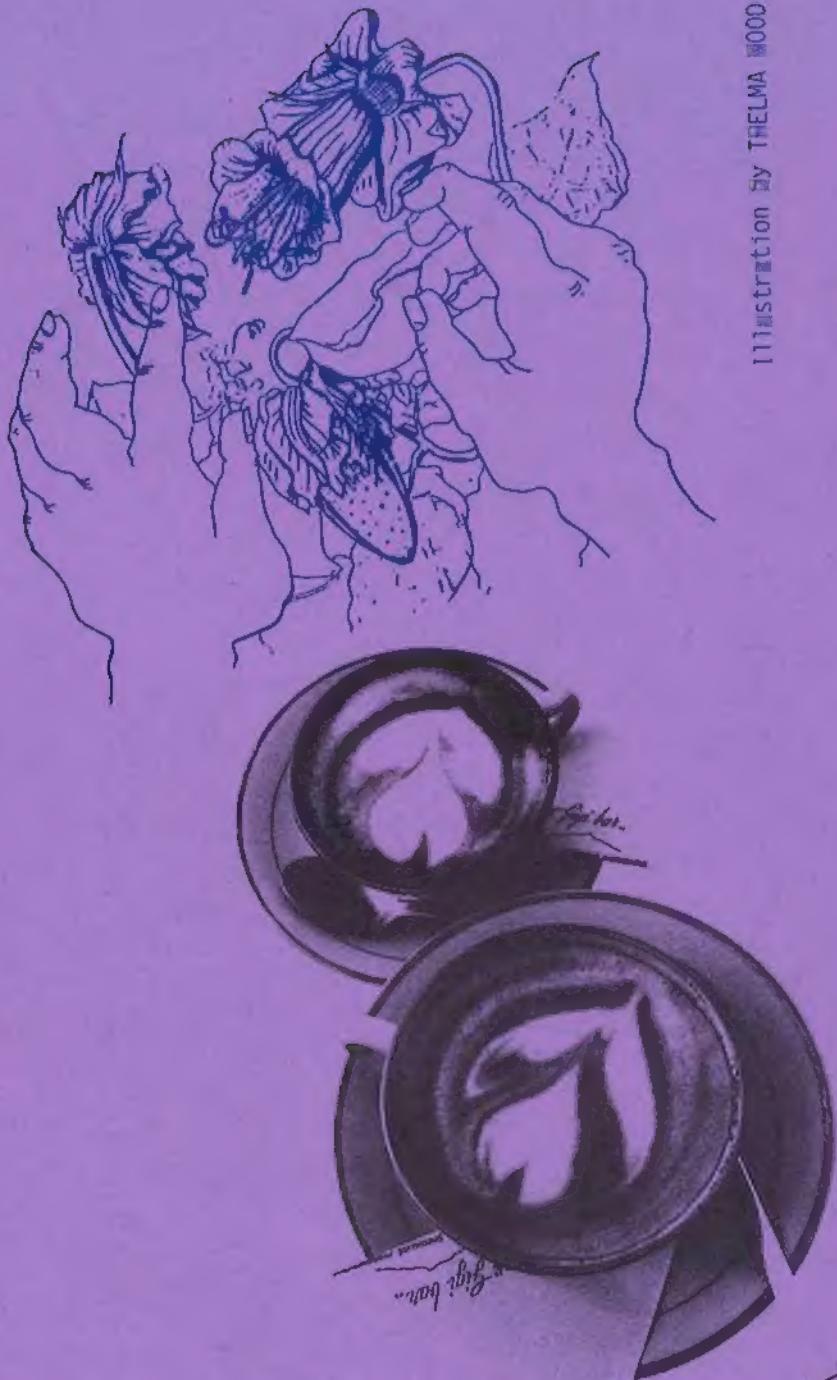


GEM OF THE DAY: If this world were logical, men would ride side-saddle.

Ann Landers' column appears in the Life section Monday through Saturday and in the People/FYI section Sunday.

LOOK WHAT ANN STOLE!

Illustration by THELMA WOOD



CAPUCCINOS from GIGI BAR